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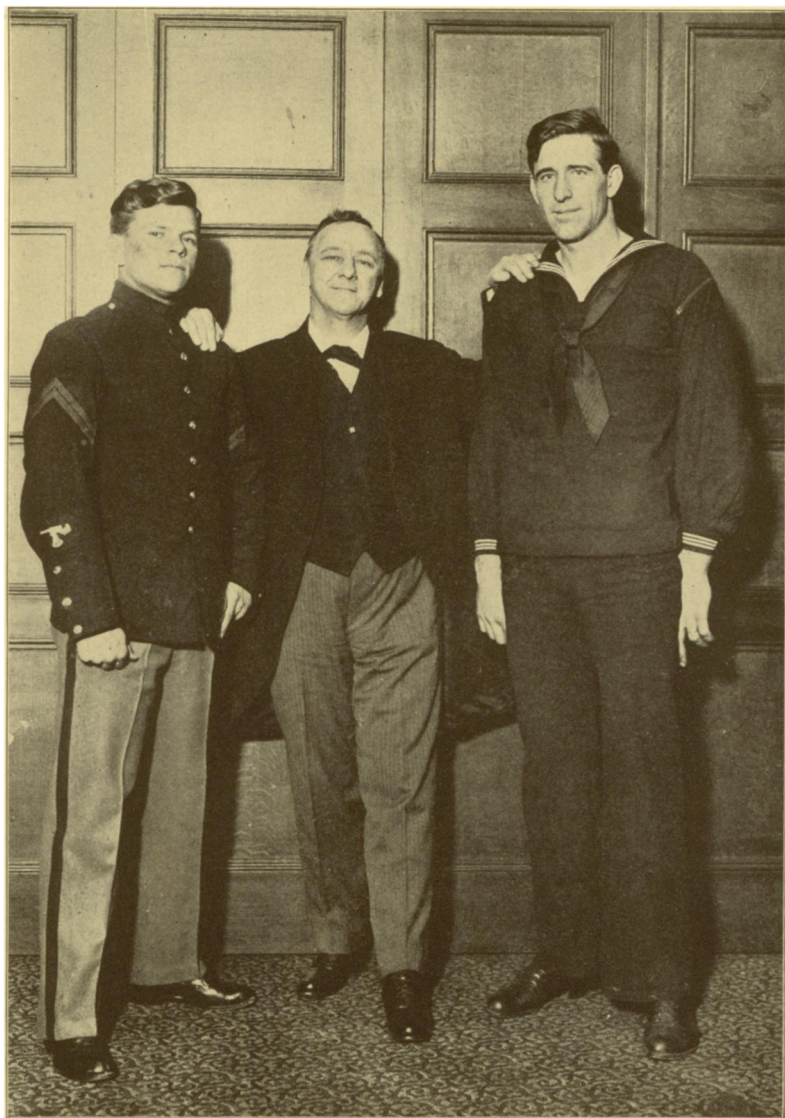
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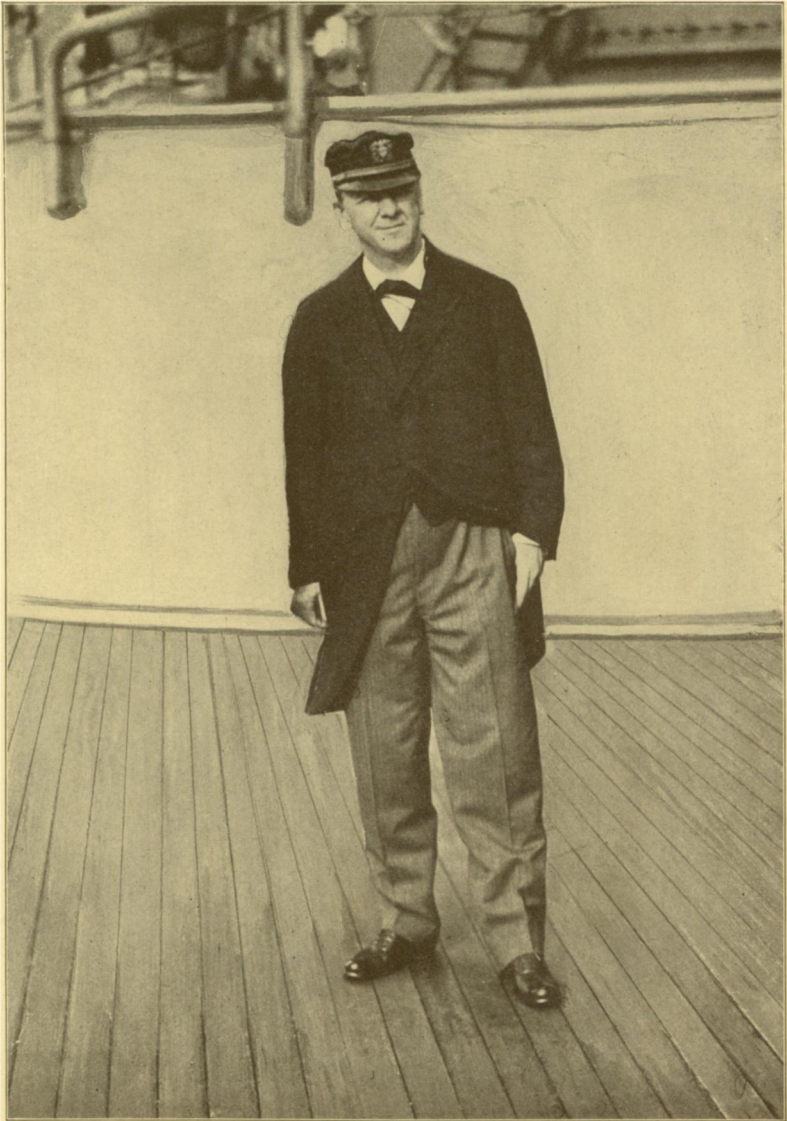
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OUR FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1915

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPHUS, N.C.B.

OUR FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

BY THE EDITOR

We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant, but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear.

—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

It seems but day before yesterday when we printed upon these pages for the enlightenment of our readers a brief sketch of the origin and tenderest years of Josephus Daniels; and yet since then so many moons have appeared and disappeared and such quantities of clear, cold water have gurgled through the purifying Democratic sieve that our present purpose can best be served by republishing that touching tale, to wit or not to wit, as follows:

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CONTENTNEA

The prenatal discussion pertained to his name. He was to be a boy and braver than lions; that was certain. Hence Daniel. And he was to possess vast literary gifts with power of immeasurable loquacity. So Josephus. But should it be Josephus Daniel or Daniel Josephus? That was the question. But he might be twins. There was a possible contingency to be provided for. Josephus Daniels then it was, by universal assent.

The happy event took place at Washington, North Carolina, on the left bank of the river Tar, on May 18th, 1862. And the lad thrived very much as the original Josephus tells us Moses did. His hair was fair, his eyes blue, and his form lithe. He was endowed, too, with curiously winning ways which served well to temper the intrepid spirit and marvelous garrulity which had been anticipated.

We have no record of the youth of Josephus except the impression which still abides in the hearts of old residents that he was the joy of Washington. Even then, his childish prattle was so fascinating that the rugged mountaineers who toiled by day made pilgrimages to the town by night to hear him talk in his sleep. At the comparatively early age of fifteen ambition stirred within the breast of Josephus and he resolved upon an abrupt departure from the place of his birth in search of culture. Westward he turned his toes, unaccompanied by retinue of any kind, and in the short space of three days, going by way of Old Sparta, he encompassed the distance—by no means inconsiderable, as all now must recognize—from Washington to Wilson. Naturally there was no lack of pedagogues in a town of that name, and it was with the greatest ease that Josephus acquired a university education at the Collegiate Institute. Having become notoriously proficient after three years of studious application, at the age of eighteen he assumed the editorship of the Wilson (N. C.) *Advance*, a journal of the highest type whose political tendencies are indicated by its title. There he was admitted to the bar, but for some reason not noted in the American Biography he “did not practise”! he only preached.

The year 1885 marked the turning-point in the career of Josephus Daniels. Wilson, oddly enough, though classical, was circumscribed, and the brilliant young journalist experienced a long-felt want for a wider sphere of usefulness and renown. So it came about that he applied for and obtained the position of editor of the Raleigh *State Chronicle*. And then ensued the most remarkable and regrettable personal tragedy recorded in the annals of modern journalism.

The information having been conveyed surreptitiously through the columns of the *Advance* that the editor proposed to make the journey to the scene of his future triumphs by water, admiring friends and fellow-countrymen conspired and combined and purchased for his use a canoe. It was a blithesome day in June when, to the music of many plaudits, Josephus embarked upon his tiny but fearless Dreadnought and set paddle down the winding Contentnea. Past the cheering multitudes upon the teeming wharves of Stantonsburg and Snow Hill he glided gracefully as a swan, and on the third day entered the woodland. Awearied by his unwonted exertions, at nightfall he landed and slept upon the boughs provided for such purposes by Nature. Arising refreshed by gentle slumber and inspired by the singing of the birds, he detached large areas of bark from trees and wrote thereon his first editorial “For the Raleigh *State Chronicle*, by Josephus Daniels.” It

was entitled "On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea," and when finally published filled seven overwrought columns. Then on and on he wended his way into the dark and gruesome forest, gay as a lark in seeming solitude.

But danger lurked in the deep recesses of that noxious swamp. The unsuspecting Josephus was not unseen. Had he looked up he would have beheld a pair of ferocious eyes glittering through the branches of a noble tamarack. And back of the eyes was a wild man of the forest, unclad from birth, but shrouded by the leaves, clinging with feet and hands and with the ease of long experience to the boughs. That night, when the moon shone high, Josephus slept as only the pure and just can sleep on prickly limbs, but not for long. Stirring restlessly from instinct of peril, he awoke with a start to behold hovering gloatingly over him that breathing specter of the forest. Leaping quickly to his feet, our hero turned upon his enemy the proud, fearless gaze of a Daniel in a lions' den. And there they stood, those two, for several trying moments, steadfastly regarding each other. Although one was the finest type of our modern civilization and a college graduate, and the other was only an untutored embodiment of aboriginal existence, physically they were not ill-matched. There was the light of like intelligence, too, upon both countenances. Neither was armed with gun or club.

Finally, responding to the impulse of habit, Josephus spoke and the other listened in grim and contemptuous silence. A long time Josephus spoke, calmly, amiably, ingratiatingly, until, weakened by lack of nourishment, for an instant he hesitated and, as almost always happens in that contingency, was lost. It was then the other's turn. From his open mouth there issued a succession of sounds slowly at first, and then, as hour after hour sped by, more and more rapidly until they became a veritable torrent. And ceaselessly. There seemed to be and probably would never have been an end but for the surprise of the speaker at the sudden collapse of his victim. Then he stopped and, leaning over the prostrate body, quickly convinced himself of the truth. His face lit up with fiendish glee. He had performed a miracle. *He had talked Josephus Daniels to death.*

Two weeks later a canoe, propelled with the ease and skill of the forest-born, passed up the river Neuse to the Raleigh wharf, and the sole occupant, alighting nonchalantly, sought the office of the *State Chronicle*. There he found the proprietors awaiting the advent of their brilliant new editor. One of them offered him a hand, but he gave no sign in return, appearing, as was remarked subsequently, as one unfamiliar with that form of salutation. But he bowed with a grace that seemed a fit accompaniment of his wrinkled crash trousers and, advancing with the utmost dignity and composure, placed upon the table many sheets of bark. The most venerable proprietor, selecting the topmost, adjusted his spectacles and read "On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea." Sighing slightly as he noted the length

of the essay, he turned, nevertheless, with dauntless mien to his associates and said:

"It is he who we feared was lost. It is Josephus Daniels. Welcome, sir, to our city."

And to this day—but why recount the familiar episodes that have marked the career of that famous one since that epoch-making day? Why, at any rate, recount them in this number?

But deep and mournful and unceasing is the sighing of the pines over the lonely grave on the left bank of the Contentnea, and even unsophisticated children draw away affrighted from the forks which signify the joining of the creek and the majestic river Neuse.

Assuming for the sake of convenience and verisimilitude complete metempsychosis as a consequence of the tragic episode depicted, we now resume our narrative.

Time passed, as usual in Raleigh, upon leaden wings, but Josephus did not wane; on the contrary, he waxed and grew fat and annexed another paper and was appointed Official Printer of the State of North Carolina. Thus he became a power in the land and was besieged by aspiring politicians who might have won his favor but for his stern determination to continue true to the cause of the downtrodden people whom he loved with the indiscriminating fervor of a passionate nature evolved in the forest of the Contentnea. Yielding to the entreaties of President Cleveland, he accepted the post of clerk in the Department of the Interior, but the place was uncongenial, and he retired involuntarily and simultaneously with Mr. Cleveland to become, according to *Who's Who*, "Ex-pres. N. C. Editorial Assn." It was while he was rendering faithful and honorable service in this capacity that he met William Jennings Bryan and heard him speak and sat at his feet; whereupon he enlarged his vocabulary and began to think deeply.

Cogitations such as those thus inspired could have but one effect upon a susceptible temperament. Theretofore the existence of Josephus had been marked by placidity and sweet reasonableness, but now his nights became sleepless, deep furrows plowed his marble brow, lanky grooves supplanted his second chin; in a word, the canker of political ambition possessed his soul. He affirmed—not being a swearing man—to do (somebody) or die (somewhere).

Such, in the felicitous language of our accomplished Chief Magistrate, was the "state of mind" of Josephus when with rare abruptness an untoward event transpired in Raleigh. A wandering minstrel troupe appeared upon the scene and an-

nounced an immediate production of the latest comic opera called "Pinafore." Josephus hesitated. Should he permit distraction of the brain? Would attendance upon a frivolous performance be regarded as a momentary betrayal of freest silver? Those were the troublous questions fetching into bold relief the unceasing struggle between the spirit and the flesh. Duty forbade, but the call of Pleasure, enhanced by an innate love of music of the spheres and the flitting of fairies, to speak naught of complimentary tickets for the Editor, was too strong. Josephus went.

The opera company, being obliged to take the 11.10 for Greensboro, began promptly to sail the ocean blue as sober men and true and attentive to their duty, but to no effect whatever upon the discriminating critic whose gaze was transfixed by the first lines under "Dramatis Personæ":

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.,

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Here was a coincidence, a remarkable coincidence, perchance a miraculous pointing of the way of vaulting ambition. Was not Joseph synonymous with Josephus? Assuredly. The difference was only that between singular and plural. "K.C.B." was puzzling, to be sure, but it might be a misprint of "N.C.B.," signifying North Carolina Boy. But "First Lord of the Admiralty"! Josephus's eyes glittered; his throat became as parchment; he would have given a year's subscription for a drink of—well, of whatever it was that foreflowed the juice of the grape. Impatiently he heard the tenori sail o'er the bright blue sea and at anchor ride; contemptuously he regarded Little Buttercup with her snuff and her tobaccy and her ribbons and her laces; sneeringly he contemplated poor Ralph's longing for love of a maiden fair to see but far above his station; despairingly he suffered the gallant Captain and his no less gallant crew and Josephine and her sorry lot; would the First Lord never come?

At last! Three cheers! cried Captain Corcoran, and, with stately tread, the bewigged and dazzling Sir Joseph advanced to the footlights and, after confessing to the audience that he was indeed monarch of the seas, turned as if drawn by a magnet of sympathy to Our Hero and sang to him and him alone:

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,

If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.

Josephus gulped. This was his cue—his golden rule to be. Breathlessly he listened while Sir Joseph insisted that the crew be treated kindly, that strong language be barred in addressing the noble fellows, that a British sailor was any man's equal, and that "if you please" on the seas was a particularly gentlemanly and becoming expression. And then the Admiral's song depicting the British tar as a soaring soul, free as a mountain bird, with en-er-get-ic fist ever ready to resist a dic-ta-to-rial word! etc. The inspiration of true democracy! Josephus thrilled with anticipation. Wending his way homeward as upon the wings of a dove of peace, he felt his own lips curl, his own brow furl, his own nose pant, his own heart glow, his own bosom heave, his own eyes flash, his own feet stamp, his own throat growl, his own cheeks flame, and his own breast protrude, for this henceforth was to be his Cus-tom-a-ry At-ti-tude.

At break of dawn on the ensuing morn the early milkman beheld an unaccustomed figure upon the stoop of the *News and Observer*. It was Josephus *polishing up the handle of the big front door*. And the milkman, who also had attended the performance, murmured softly, "Why, dam-me, it's too bad." But history tells us that it was the beginning, if not of a career, at least of a careering such as no navy other than Sir Joseph's own has experienced within the memory of man.

It is not needful to recount the many steps, long and short, backward and forward, taken by Our Hero in relentness pursuit of his goal. Suffice it to say that at the last the bewildered President-elect was unable to withstand the effect of a monstrous petition signed in tar; that, according to current rumor an attempt upon second thought to recall the customary notice proved futile; that the Secretary not only took his seat firmly, but coated it thoughtfully with glue in advance; and that, when signs of dissatisfaction became manifest throughout the land, he decreed prohibition, to the end that any possible suggestion of his withdrawal might be attributed to the liquor interests and thus be rendered impracticable in the existing perturbation of political prospectives.

But whatever may be said of a derogatory nature respecting the Secretary's official activities, it is but just and fair to pro-

claim that he has not been idle. "An industrious ass," was the late David Dudley Field's characterization of a pertinacious attorney; but Josephus is more than industrious; he is indefatigable. No subject is too small to enlist his attention, none is too large to daunt his fearless spirit in forming the judgment of assurance. Acting from the outset upon his firm conviction that whatever had been was wrong, he demonstrated his mettle immediately upon his installation by summarily removing Philip Andrews, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, depriving him of the title of Rear Admiral which attaches to the important post, and denying to him the rank of Captain, for which he had already passed his examinations. Simultaneously he forbade the promotion, which would have been granted in ordinary course, of Captain Templin M. Potts, who had been serving as aide for personnel, to the grade of Rear Admiral. Insufficient service at sea was the ground assigned for these orders, despite the fact that both officers, who are universally recognized as among the most capable and efficient in the navy, had been detailed by Secretary Meyer, irrespective of their own wishes, to office duty. That they should have fallen as victims of our First Lord's disapprobation of his predecessor was regarded by some as an unmerited hardship, but the obvious purpose of showing who was "monarch of the seas" was duly and most effectively accomplished. We mention the incident, not because of its singularity, but rather as the first of many which have tended to consternation among officers and demoralization of the service, as noted at the time by the friendly *Springfield Republican* in these words:

That there has been discontent in the navy at Secretary Daniels's administration has been apparent for some time. Yet while discipline requires that it should be restrained, it must be frankly said that there have been suggestions of some reasonable ground for dissatisfaction. The matter, however, is not yet entirely clear, and in justice to Secretary Daniels's judgment may be suspended until it is. While he was doubtless within the letter of the law in blocking the promotion of Captain Potts last summer, no satisfactory explanation has ever been given of his permitting the promotion of others who apparently stood upon precisely the same footing with Captain Potts, except that they had never given evidence of equal efficiency so far as their records were open to the public. That it would have been better for the department if Secretary Daniels had talked less is scarcely to be doubted. Stories came to this office months ago of the disturbing effects upon the discipline of one or more ships' crews which had followed some of his

oratorical efforts; it was added that the captains of the navy disliked to see him come aboard.

“Putting to one side the wrongs inflicted upon Captain Potts and Commander Andrews,” the *Herald* added, “the baleful effect of the incident is reacting in a most unfortunate manner on the navy. Intensified as this surely is by other curious and melancholy reports concerning the theories and intentions of the Navy Department, the zeal and energy of the whole service are in way to be seriously impaired. Its feeling of deep unrest is unmistakable; its resentment is undoubted. . . . The officers have sincerely believed, as the *Herald* has reported, that Mr. Daniels is temperamentally and mentally incapable of administering the service for the main purpose for which the navy is intended, namely, battle efficiency for the protection of the country.”

All this may be and probably is true, but the discerning reader can hardly fail to place the responsibility where it belongs—upon the shoulders of our First Lord’s famous exemplar, Sir Joseph, K.C.B.

Clearly it is a matter of viewpoint. The navy regards itself as a fighting machine created for one purpose, namely, to serve as the first line of defense in case of war; whereas, observes the *Sun* most aptly:

Mr. Daniels, on the other hand, if the conviction existing in the navy is well founded, does not proceed with such ideas as the fundamental bases of his policies of administration. The navy believes that he considers the service a great but probably for the moment necessary evil, the direction of which political fortune has thrust into his hands. The navy considers him unwilling to devote himself to the single idea of achieving the maximum preparedness for the most efficient defense of the nation and believes that he is trying to make the navy serve other purposes. Instead of regarding it as a wonderfully complex human machine, he is treating the service as a field for the application of his political principles, as an aggregation of individuals for whose mental and moral welfare, instead of efficiency, he has been made responsible.

It was in pursuance of this policy of achieving reformation through edict that our First Lord proclaimed his famous order forbidding “the use or introduction of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel or within any yard or station.” Inasmuch as no complaint of excessive indulgence was instanced as a reason

for this action, it was but natural, perhaps, that the officers should have regarded the ukase not only as conveying an unmerited implication and a direct reflection upon their conduct as gentlemen, but also as based upon the Secretary's personal theory rather than upon practice in the service. Quite probably, too, they suspected that their First Lord's disingenuous statement of belief that "experience has demonstrated that a uniform rule should prevail in the navy for all who enlist in the service, from the highest rank to the youngest enlisted man or officer who comes into the service," was calculated to create a false impression. In any case, Admiral Dewey lost no time in saying for publication:

It does not seem to be generally understood that, until this new order of Secretary Daniels's, beer and light wines were allowed enlisted men on special occasions.

When they visited vessels of other nations, especially of the French navy, clarets and beer were served. When they played host in return, wines and beers were served. Now the only beverage they may offer is distilled water. So the invitations probably will have to be declined, since the hospitality may not be returned in kind.

The Admiral "carefully refrained from commenting upon the wisdom of the order," but put his finger upon the real cause of resentment when he added significantly, "It should be understood that the naval officers consider that such an order comes directly from the President, who also is their commander—and it will be obeyed without a whimper or murmur of complaint."

What the naval officers could not understand was why the Commander-in-chief should sanction prohibition in the navy and not in the army. If it were essential or desirable for the one, why not for the other? It was the discrimination implying comparative recreancy, not the order itself, that hurt—and for this clearly it was the President, not the Secretary, who was responsible. The sole but sententious comment of Secretary Garrison upon the act of his colleague was that he was striving to emulate the example of the man who acquired a fortune by minding his own business. But incidentally he put forth no edict forbidding his subordinates to do what nobody had accused them of doing and reflecting, at least by way of comparison, upon their characters and their conduct. So perhaps it is not a cause of wonderment that the officers of the army swear *by* and the officers of the navy swear *at* their respective chiefs. Nevertheless, as we have hinted, while feeling that the First Lord would have been more consistent both as an official and as

a Democrat if he had adhered to his declaration to the midshipmen at Annapolis in June, 1913, that "it is not in your province or mine to fix a standard for others, but each for himself must make a regimen for himself that makes him the master of himself and the dictator to habit, forbidding any habit to dictate to him," we cannot share the common indignation at his action in this matter. The obligation to co-ordinate the various departments when dissonant proposals create disaffection and jeopardize efficiency rests upon the Chief Magistrate, who alone holds the power to reconcile such differences.

The most striking illustration of our First Lord's paternalistic doctrine is, of course, the turning of battle-ships into primary school-houses. To what extent, if any, this proceeding conflicts with the performance of the fundamental functions of a navy is a question upon which little information is obtainable except from the Secretary's own exuberant reports. That opportunity to obtain suitable educational training should be accorded enlisted men is generally conceded; the point is whether study and teaching should be made compulsory. Apparently not only the officers, but a large majority of the men, think not; so much at least was evidenced by the loud cheers which greeted announcement of a prolonged "recess" upon the ships which went to Vera Cruz, and by the hisses which greeted the presentation of our First Lord's likeness upon a moving-picture screen while the vessels lay at anchor in that troubled port. But it would seem ungracious to deprive a true reformer of the gratification which he derives from exemplification of his favorite idea, so long at least as the real work of the navy is not seriously impaired. What, perhaps, is even more to the point is that no change is possible while the present monarch rules the seas.

Having learned from Sir Josephus that a sailor is "any man's equal" (except his own), it was inevitable that our conscientious First Lord should proceed forthwith to "democratize" the navy. To signify his intention in an unmistakable way, therefore, he sent for an enlisted man about the time when he put Captain Potts and Commander Andrews in their places, shook his hand cordially, directed him to inform his comrades that the great heart of their chief beat loudly in sympathy with such splendid fellows, and then, calling in the newspaper correspondents, heralded his performance to the masses. Simultaneously he reduced the standard of examinations for positions carrying officers' commissions to the pre-

sumed level of enlisted men's capacities and ordered that ten vacancies in the pay corps be filled by noble tars, to the exclusion of a number of young men who had been studying in preparation.

The leveling of ranks, in a word, became and continues to be our First Lord's obsession. With this purpose in mind he put forth a proposal that officers and men should mess together, but was finally dissuaded from issuing the order when he discovered, so it was said, that colored bluejackets would necessarily be included—a circumstance not likely to win approbation from Southern Democrats. While it is but fair to add that the Secretary himself denounced this rumor as false and “an insult” to his “intelligence,” the fact remains that no other reason for withholding the remarkable decree has yet appeared in print, although the subject came before the Senate on August 2nd, when Mr. Gallinger declared that the Secretary actually issued the order but “rescinded it, admitting that it was not correct.” Senator Kern thereupon made this happy explanation:

I understood the Secretary of the Navy is opposed to caste in the navy. The declarations were to the effect that where a common sailor and seaman of any kind had worked himself up and become capable of becoming an officer of the navy it did not lie in the face of any of these perfumed officers of the navy to object to him because he had been a common sailor, and because they did not feel like sitting at the same mess.

I have heard the Secretary of the Navy express that kind of a sentiment.

Unfortunately the distinguished Democratic leader failed to enlighten the Senate as to whether the term “perfumed officers” was the Secretary's or his own.

But alas for beneficent intentions! However greatly pleased the worthy sailors may have been by the “taking down” of their officers, and whatever may have been the effect of such snubbing upon the discipline of the crews, appreciation of the First Lord's good works in their behalf disappeared overnight when his most particular activities conflicted with their own inclinations. Whether in his heart of hearts our First Lord considers the use of tobacco injurious to health and consequently deserving of the ban put upon wine and beer is not and probably never will be known so long as the noxious weed continues to be the staple product of North Carolina. In any case, no forbidding edict has yet been promulgated. But mind

you—you who know naught of such things—there are brands and brands of tobacco, and some like one and some another.

Now, the bluejackets pay for what they use with their own well-earned dimes and nickels, but it has been the custom of the Department to make the purchases. Imagine, then, the horror of Josephus when, in the course of a painstaking investigation into minute but vital details, he discovered that the most popular brands were manufactured by a Trust! Inevitably and immediately further purchases of these brands were forbidden and a peremptory order was issued compelling the buying of goods meeting certain specifications from the lowest bidder.

Thus was upheld with a firm hand the great Democratic doctrine of free and full competition, but the enforcement necessarily imposed upon the sailormen "something just as good" for what they really wanted, and what they thought they ought to be permitted to have, since they were paying for it with their own money. Being concerned less by political principles and Trust depredations than by their preferences for particular brands of tobacco, the sturdy bluejackets revolted and the canteen receipts went up in a smoke of discontent. Looking after their interests was well enough so long as only officers' privileges were curtailed, but this was different. Perhaps that is why they hissed at Vera Cruz.

The Democratic National platform, conformably to custom, denounced "the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation" and demanded "a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government." We are not now concerned with the general relation of practice and profession of the Administration with respect to this pledge; it suffices the present purpose to note that of all branches of the Government the Navy Department offered the widest opportunity for the saving of enormous sums. The mere fact that our inferior navy had cost half a billion dollars more than that of Germany was in itself sufficiently startling, but was really but one of many indications of the gross extravagance and utter wastefulness which had resulted from making the Department a mere tender to politics.

Instances without number confronted the new Secretary as a consequence of his predecessor's grappling of the problem in the last two years of his administration. Among them were the expenditures of nearly \$11,000,000 at Portsmouth, only seventy miles from the big navy-yard at Boston; of \$5,000,000

at Charleston, including \$1,250,000 for a dry-dock unavailable for battle-ships; of \$2,275,000 for a naval base at Port Royal, which proved useless and was abandoned; of \$35,000,000 at Mare Island, where insufficient depth of water prevents the berthing of modern battle-ships; of \$2,000,000 one hundred miles up the river from New Orleans for no practical purpose whatever; of \$12,000,000 at Pensacola, with wholly insignificant output; and so on, to say nothing of the useless construction in outlying possessions, fetching the total cost of navy-yards on June 30, 1910, up to \$320,600,000, of which fully one-half and probably much more was absolute waste.

Secretary Meyer was slow in attacking this colossal abuse, but in 1910, when he began to feel sure of his ground, he did recommend the abandonment of and practically close the stations at New Orleans, Pensacola, San Juan, Porto Rico, New London, Sackett's Harbor, Culebra, and Cavit , none of which was of the first class or of material value. Here at least was the beginning of a notable reform.

It was also the ending, at least for the time; for, be it noted, our First Lord is primarily a politician of the Jackson type, not only willing, but eager to meet the cravings of all "deserving Democrats." His policy was clearly defined before he took his place. "It is suggested," wrote the inspired Raleigh correspondent of the *Charlotte Observer* upon the eve of the newly appointed Secretary's departure for Washington, "that under Secretary Daniels's administration the old Charlotte navy-yard will be rehabilitated. This would furnish jobs to quite a squad of patriots, and Mr. Daniels is agreeable to the idea."

The First Lord demonstrated his agreeableness forthwith by reopening the yards at New Orleans and Pensacola and by utilizing opportunities generally to feed the "deserving" from the public crib. In the words of the *Springfield Republican*:

The simple truth of the matter is that Mr. Daniels, who is eloquent as to his efforts to restrain alleged combinations of armor-manufacturers and ship-builders, and is to be praised in so far as he has actually done so, has surrendered body and soul to the combination of log-rolling politicians which costs the treasury infinitely more than any trust he has defied.

Navy-yards supply jobs for the faithful; that is the essence of the whole thing, and there are unpleasant reports of what political influence is accomplishing. Such minor savings as Mr. Daniels may effect now will be mere pittance beside the additional costs with which the budgets of his successors will be burdened as a result of his

policy of scattering work that ought to be concentrated at points located with the best regard to economy and military efficiency.

If Mr. Daniels has any reason to doubt the figures and the significant comparisons with other navies, he might, instead of taking time to be photographed in dramatic poses with his hands upon the shoulders of marines and bluejackets, have them checked up. It was unfortunate for the reform Mr. Meyer began that the yards and stations he closed were chiefly in the South; but there is no more question that they were the least useful than that the best-located and, in the opinion of the many experts, the only properly located yard on the Atlantic coast to-day is that at Norfolk, Va.

It was upon Mr. Daniels that the duty rested of carrying on the reform that Mr. Meyer had begun; instead he has turned back the hands of the clock. Conditions are drifting back into a worse state than when Mr. Meyer took hold, and Mr. Daniels is responsible.

That the drift is to continue, moreover, may be readily deduced from the declaration in the Secretary's annual report that "construction of ships in navy-yards justifies an *enlargement* of that policy," supplemented by the complacent observation that "during the past year the Department authorized new construction work at navy-yards which hitherto have not been so engaged, and there is at the present time a greater volume of new ship-building work in progress and authorized at navy-yards, also a greater number of navy-yards so employed in new construction, than ever before in the history of the new navy."

All this is bad enough in all conscience, but worse is yet to come. Our First Lord believes in punishing his enemies as well as in rewarding his friends. When the unarmed citizenry of New Hampshire failed to respond to his fervid oratorical appeals at the Congressional elections last year, an order forthcame promptly, according to the Boston *Transcript*, that "ships that hitherto repaired at the Portsmouth navy-yard be transferred to Pensacola and other Southern yards, some of which are now being equipped at large expense to the Government to do repair work," thus evidencing, the *Transcript* pathetically concluded, that Portsmouth "has already begun to feel the effects of Secretary Daniels's displeasure over the defeat of the Democratic ticket in New Hampshire." Vengeance was our First Lord's, and promptly did he repay. For waste and extravagance he had ample precedents in the administration of his predecessors, but we venture to assert that so brazen an act as this is without parallel in our political annals.

The country fortunately is rich and can withstand wasteful-

ness in the future as it has withstood it in the past; it is sound politically and can outlive the effect of spasmodic efforts on the part of a professed spoilsman to set back the clock; it is immune even to the vagaries of a bucolic statesman in the administration of a great department. But recent events have brought very sharply to public attention the need of both efficiency and preparedness in the first line of our national defense. Upon that point there is no diversity of opinion.

What, then, is the present situation? Our First Lord is more than satisfied; he is proud. "The get-away of the fleet" to Vera Cruz and the subjection by that mighty force of a feeble garrison he regards as "signal proof" of all that can be desired. His judgment is sustained, moreover, by remarkable authority. Speaking to the Navy League in New York City on April 16th, he cited the Honorable John Lind as one who had stirred his "pride and admiration."

"For weary months," he spoke, "this grim and patriotic Norse philosopher has lived in Mexico, most of the time being in close touch with Admiral Fletcher and the splendid men with him. Upon the day of his return he called at the Navy Department to express his pleasure of being well cared for on his trip up on the *Mayflower*. 'I have never before,' he said to me, 'had the opportunity of seeing much of the navy. In my Minnesota home your ships and sailors do not come, but during my stay in Mexico it was my happiness to see much of Admiral Fletcher, the officers, and the sailors, and I want to tell you, Mr. Secretary, that they are the finest body of men I have known.' He grew more enthusiastic in his praise, and I remarked that America had few men as wise as Admiral Fletcher. 'Yes; he is a wise man of sound judgment, and, better than that, he is a patriot, loyal to the core to his country.' Now, John Lind is the sort of American who pays no compliments. He would not privately give this warm praise if he had not taken the quality of our sailors and found them sturdy and sound."

Evidence such as this few would have the hardihood to attempt to controvert. But, oddly enough, there were those to whom even the testimony of the grim Norse philosopher was unconvincing, as suggested by the *Army and Navy Journal* in these words:

We are not surprised to learn that the House Committee on Naval Affairs intends to make an inquiry into the management of the navy by Mr. Daniels at the coming session. Some of the members of that

committee have been so long associated with it and their interest in and their study of the navy for years have been so great that they may consider themselves as knowing more about the service than the head of the department himself.

Furthermore, such members have developed a pride in and love for the institution, and may naturally be expected to resent the introduction of any schemes that would impair its efficiency and make it the plaything of an irrational utopianism. These members know that on account of the prominence given to navies by the present war the size and efficiency of our own navy should reasonably be among the leading questions brought before the coming session.

Members of the committee believe further that the time has arrived to ascertain what injury, if any, has been wrought in the service by the effort to make it something else than a great fighting-machine, and to combine with such a military organization the conveniences and benefits of an educational system.

The committee is doing wisely to bring this latter matter to the attention of Congress before any further deterioration in the navy shall develop. It is easier to start a big institution down-hill than it is to start it up again, and no time should be lost in discovering to what extent the philanthropic features grafted upon the navy have interfered and are interfering with its primary business of being ready to fight.

Among the first witnesses called by the committee was Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who served on the *Yorktown* at Valparaiso in the critical times following the Baltimore incident; who was at Rio de Janeiro in 1894 when the fleet cleared for action to enforce neutral rights; whom Admiral Dewey commended for "heroic conduct" at the battle of Manila; who took part in the bombardments of Paranaque, Malabon, and San Fernando during the Philippine insurrection; who has been commander of the *Minneapolis*, *Arkansas*, and *Tennessee*, and of a division of the Atlantic fleet, and a member of the General Board. And this distinguished officer informed the committee and the country bluntly that the United States has only one mine-laying ship, with a very limited capacity; that from want of practice the gunnery of the fleet has fallen off until it is inferior to that of at least one other sea power; that the personnel is not sufficiently drilled; that as there is no general staff, although the British, German, Japanese, French, Russian, Austrian, and even the Argentine navies have such an organization, the United States would go to war in a haphazard way; that "we have no plan of battle approach and we have no plan of torpedo attack"; that in

mine-sweepers as well as mine-layers, in aeronautical equipment, submarines, and "all the auxiliaries" we are deplorably deficient; that, having no naval reserve worth the name, we could not properly man our ships for hostilities, and that five years of methodical preparation would be required to "bring our navy up to the standard of efficiency of one of the great European navies."

"There can be no question," said Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, president of the Naval War College, to the members of the Efficiency Society on January 25th, "that the existing organization of the Navy Department is inadequate and would break down under the strain of war. We have a navy, and a good one, but we will all agree that it must not only be good, but it must also be at its highest point of efficiency, and this is not its present condition. I do not hold that it is altogether inefficient, but I do think that it could be much better. Three things that we lack are:

"FIRST—Absolute harmony in all the branches of the fleet.

"SECOND—The absolutely necessary facilities for the care and preservation of the ships, such as dry-docks and supporting ships.

"THIRD—We need a more efficient organization of the personnel.

"The thing that is most radically wrong is the fact that the Navy Department takes no account of the relation of the navy to war. War is one thing for which no arrangement is made."

That these outspoken views express the consensus of opinion of the entire body of naval officers from Admiral Dewey to the youngest captain there can be no question, but thus far there has been no indication that our First Lord is not still of the same opinion evolved from the deep philosophy and expert observation of the Honorable John Lind. Be it said, however, to his credit that when the Congress, aroused by the indignation of the country, made provision for four new battle-ships, he felicitated both the President and the people. Indeed, he went further and smugly took to himself the honor, regardless of the fact that Congress had rejected his own proposal of two dread-noughts and had adopted the recommendation of the General Board for the construction of twice that number.

It is no pleasing duty to depict the failings in comprehension and judgment of a high official charged with heavy burdens and grave responsibilities, although in this instance the task is

rendered less distasteful by his own love of lime-light naïvely revealed in a speech in San Francisco on August 2d, when he said:

All newspaper men will tell you that Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson have been the two greatest Presidents this country has ever had, because each went into the editorial sanctum to secure a managing editor for the navy. I think the finest compliment ever paid me was that made by another newspaper man, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, of California, when he said to me, "You are a born headline artist."

Nor can one fail to appreciate the blessed sense of gentle humor as bearing upon accurate self-understanding which was evinced in an after-dinner speech thus reported by the New York *Evening Post*:

"I had been a worker in the vineyard for a long time," the Secretary said, "and had never sought or expected any preferment from the party organization. I was just a good working Democrat. When Mr. Bryan began to emerge as a public man and as a Democratic leader I got interested in him and became one of his champions and supporters. I became an ardent free-silver man and a believer in unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. When it was time to select delegates to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1896 there was a fellow in my town who wanted to be sent as a delegate mighty badly. He went around to the State chairman to see what he could do.

"'Jim,' he said, 'I—I want to be sent as one of the delegates to Chicago.'

"'Well,' said the chairman, 'how do you stand on free silver?'

"'Oh, well, I guess—I—reckon I believe in it all right, but I ain't no damn fool about it!'

"'Well,' answered the chairman, 'you can't go.'

"'So they sent me,' concluded Daniels.

Here in ordinary times we should be content to leave our First Lord of the Admiralty. Attainment of perfection in the personnel of a Government cannot be demanded with reason or expected in practice, and exceptional consideration must be accorded an Administration compelled by circumstances to draw its responsible officials from the ranks of the inexperienced. In all fairness, moreover, due allowance should be made for the delinquencies of one thus chosen if he be zealous in the performance of unfamiliar tasks. For his painstaking application, then, Mr. Daniels is entitled to a full meed of credit, but there, unhappily, favorable recognition ends. Of all the Secretaries

of the Navy from Benjamin Stoddert to George von L. Meyer he has proved himself unquestionably the least competent. If he has done a single useful act, barring his boasted saving at the spigot while wasting at the bung-hole, the instance has yet to be revealed. If he has failed to utilize an opportunity to discredit both the department and the Administration, the omission is not apparent.

It is, indeed, a question whether the most important and most popular arm of the service itself has not suffered seriously in public estimation both at home and abroad in consequence of his persistent blundering and insatiable craving for notoriety. To smile at the childish vanity which prompts the wearing of a naval cap with a civilian's costume—and such a costume!—is easy and natural, but however unimportant in seeming, it is not a laughing matter. If the head of the navy can thus not only disregard a universal custom, but also flout a strict and specific naval regulation, what is there to be said of his example to officers and men? And how can be gauged the effect upon a body, supposed to be disciplined to the highest point, of the unbecoming comportment of a Secretary of the Navy whose visits are awaited by captains with trepidation and whose likeness is hissed by enlisted men? But it is as unnecessary as it is disagreeable to dwell further upon the demoralization inevitably wrought by a chief who is regarded by his subordinates as “temperamentally and mentally incapable of administering the service.”

Yet more serious at this critical time, when at any moment the navy may be called upon to perform a vitally important service, is the effect of vagarious misdirection upon the public mind. Whether or not Mr. Edward S. Martin, a keen and competent observer, is correct in estimating that not more than six persons out of our hundred millions of people would fail to heave a sigh of relief at the withdrawal or removal of Mr. Daniels from his present post, there is not a shadow of doubt that he has forfeited the confidence of the country. His repeated declarations, notably at the recent launching of the *Pennsylvania*, that the navy is fully prepared for battle, in the face of testimony to the contrary by every admiral who has been questioned, and of the bold but patriotic assertion of the President of the War College that “war is one thing for which no arrangement is made,” have come to be regarded as no more than the puerile chatter of an incompetent official fatuously attempting self-justification. These words, though not

so intended, sound bitter, but, alas! they are true—only too sadly true at a time such as this, when palliation or silence would be little short of criminal.

Occasional tolerant reference is made to Secretary Daniels's "amiability," and none would deny the normal kindness of a nature which impels endeavors in the interest of fellow-beings, even though such striving be without the scope of official duty. But a genial disposition is not invariably allied with either comprehension or judgment. Puppies are friendly enough, but one would hardly set them to the work of a ferret. And Mr. Daniels is not, as is so commonly remarked, merely a misfit. A round peg in a square hole is inadequate as an expression of a condition when it is quite obvious that, if the hole were round, the peg would be square. The simple truth in this case, moreover, demonstrated over and over again, is that back of self-conscious easy-going there lurks that inexorable obduracy which so often characterizes and dominates a narrow and shallow mentality.

We cheerfully accord to Mr. Daniels whatever credit there may lie in a lack of comprehension of the magnitude of his handicap to the Administration, but we are no less strongly convinced that the fullest understanding would convey to his conscience no sense of obligation to relieve the President to whom he is so immoderately indebted of a burden which would break the back of any but an extraordinary Administration.

To chide the President for not ridding himself and the country of such a clog is easy, but none cognizant of the present political situation within the Democratic party can fail to recognize the hazard of offending the Secretary of State and the army of teetotallers whose apostle he has become.

It is idle, then, to murmur ineffectually, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Naught remains but to minimize so far as possible the dismay which attends the probability of being compelled in 1916 to meet the cry:

"A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels"—no less than for Mr. Bryan himself, and for others who must patiently await their turn in our weighing of their respective achievements and capabilities.

ONE GOOD WAR

THE saying has been attributed to Franklin that there never was a good war nor a bad peace. He could scarcely have meant it at its apparent value without self-stultification, seeing how earnestly he supported at least one great war, and seeing, too, that at its close he openly preferred an indefinite renewal of that war to the making of peace on unsatisfactory terms. If continued war was preferable to peace, surely in at least that case war, if not good, was less bad than peace; and peace, if not bad, was less good than war.

But there are wars and wars; and while one is raging which may be condemned as pre-eminently bad, another is being successfully pushed which must be esteemed wholly and conspicuously good. That is the war which this country is waging against Death. It is a war of vast extent, and of multifarious campaigns; and in it the forces of Life are pretty steadily winning vast victories for the welfare of the whole human race.

Attention has frequently been called to the conquest of disease at Panama. It is indeed one of the most notable of all. Certainly it is one of the most spectacular—in a good sense of that word. A century ago Humboldt dwelt with scientific circumstance and assurance upon the hideous unhealthfulness of the Isthmus. A generation ago Froude not unjustly described the place as probably the foulest physical plague-spot in the world. The appalling mortality, particularly from yellow fever and protean “malaria,” was one of the three major causes of Lesseps’s epochal failure to construct the canal. That same circumstance was harped upon as a reason why we should not go to Panama; and it was added with cock-sure confidence that if we did go there and did succeed in completing the canal despite the loss of life, the enterprise would be a failure because people would shun travel by so deadly a route.

The fact is, however, that the diseases named have been so far subjugated that we have been able to construct the canal with one of the lowest death-rates in all the annals of great engineering works, and that the route is likely to be a favorite, and the Isthmus is likely to be much frequented, because of their phenomenal salubrity. We have transformed a lazaretto into a sanitarium, a plague-spot into a health resort. The triumph of the engineers over the natural barrier to navigation has been monumental. The triumph of the sanitarians over pestilence has been at least equally important and noteworthy.

That is, however, only one campaign in the war against untimely and unnecessary death. Another, of even greater extent and beneficence, has been and is being waged in behalf of infant life all over the land. Bureaus of child hygiene have been organized, infantile diseases have been studied and combated, and to-day the death-rate among children has in many places fallen to a gratifying though still not irreducible minimum. Thus we are told that in New York City last year the infantile death-rate was the lowest on record. That is gratifying; but it is still more pleasing to learn how much lower that rate was than the rates which prevailed only a few years ago.

Last year to every 1,000 births there were between 94 and 95 deaths of infants not over one year of age. Seven years before, to every thousand births there were 144 such deaths. That is to say that one out of every three infants who died seven years ago would be saved under present conditions. It means that in New York at the present time 7,000 infant lives are being saved each year which seven years ago would have been lost. And seven years ago conditions were not at their worst. The death-rate of infants was 144 to the thousand births. But twenty years ago it was 208 to the thousand, or considerably more than twice as high as it is now. There were about 13,000 infant deaths last year. With the same population in the conditions of twenty years ago, there would be 28,000.

Nor is it to be overlooked that this enormous gain has been effected in the face of and in spite of processes and conditions which are supposed to make for, and which, all other things being equal, doubtless would make for, a higher rather than a lower death-rate. That is chiefly the increase in the size of the city. The bigger the city, the higher the death-rate among children, has been the common rule. But in this case the death-rate has been decreasing far more rapidly than the size of the city has increased.

In this latter fact is strong encouragement for the belief that what has been done in New York can be done in comparable degree in other cities and all over the land. It has indeed been done in many other places, as a part of the general warfare against death. The effect upon the census must be noteworthy, and still more marked must be that upon what we may call the physical and procreative morale of the community and the nation. A high birth-rate is looked upon as desirable. Granted, but it should be accompanied or supplemented by a low infantile death-rate. There is no profit, but vast and

demoralizing loss, in bringing many children into the world only to have them die in infancy. In a community of a given population it is a fine thing to have a thousand babies born each year. But suppose that in one such community a thousand are born and two hundred of them die within the year; while in another of equal size a thousand are born and only one hundred die. Which is the better? Nay, but suppose that in one a thousand are born and only eight hundred live, while in the other only eight hundred are born and all live. Which, then, is the better? The latter, by far; for the product of new lives is just as great, while the cost is far less.

Of old it was appropriately said, "*Belli alii gerant; Tu, felix Austria, nube.*" It was a fact that while other nations were engaging in profitable or unprofitable wars, the House of Austria was to a far greater degree promoting its welfare through fortunate marriages. To-day, while other nations wage wars enormously destructive of human life, it may well be the profit and the glory of this nation to wage warfare for the suppression of disease and for the promotion and protection of human life. Of such a war the most pronounced pacifist must say that it is altogether good.

STAMBOUL, SUEZ, AND PANAMA

THE year bids fair to be epochal for each of the three great intermarine and international inland waterways of the world, with at once a striking likeness and a striking contrast among them. The Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, and the Panama Canal, though widely separated, have been linked together in history in an interesting fashion, and there is a certain logical fitness in their again being associated in the transcendent annals of 1915, though nothing could be more impressive than the difference between the circumstances which invest the two and those which surround the third.

One assured result of the present war, in case the Allies win, is already obvious. That is the return to Asia of the remnant of the once formidable Asiatic Power which long dominated the southeastern and southwestern parts of Europe and practically all of Africa north of the Equator. The name of Turkey will disappear from the map of Europe, and the Tribe of Othman, which once occupied the whole Balkan Peninsula and threatened Central Europe with conquest, will be driven to the eastern side of those straits upon the western shores of which it

has for some time had only a narrow and precarious footing. For the first time in history Europe will be at least nominally an exclusively Christian continent.

Nor will the change in Africa be less noteworthy. A century ago the entire southern shore of the Mediterranean, together with most of the inland regions as far as the Equator, was under Mohammedan rule, and a large part of it owed allegiance directly to the Turkish Sultan. Abyssinia, the mysterious Land of Prester John, alone in its rocky fastnesses, held out against the conquering followers of the Prophet. But one by one the independent Mohammedan States were taken as appanages of the European Powers; in the recent war with Italy a large part of the African empire of the Ottomans was thus taken; and now the last vestige of Turkish sovereignty has been swept from Egypt and therefore from all Africa. All that is left to the Turk lies "somewhere east of Suez." France has Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis; Italy has Tripoli and Cyrene; and now Egypt has become one of the federated States of the British Empire.

It is a significant circumstance that these things have been happening simultaneously with the completion of the Panama Canal and the opening of it to international commerce. For vast as are the other political changes occurring or impending in Europe and Africa, a leading place in world-interest must be given to the changes in the control and use of the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal, forming a fitting sequel to the tremendous influence which those waterways have hitherto exerted upon the progress and destinies of mankind.

For centuries the straits between Europe and Asia have been in the exclusive control of the Ottoman Turks. Their falling under that control was one of the climacteric events of history. It meant the changing of the world's great trade routes; the decline of Mediterranean lands in commercial and political importance; the discovery of the Cape route from Europe to India; the discovery of America; and some of the most profound social, religious, economical, and political transformations in the whole history of Europe. It was by far the greatest event since the Fall of Rome. Now that tremendous occurrence is reversed. The straits pass from Asiatic to European control. Whatever may be the details of settlement, we may assume that they will henceforth be a free international highway, making the Black Sea a part of the high seas of the world and making the Powers which front upon it practically Medi-

terranean Powers. What that will mean, in commerce and in politics, piques and taxes the imagination to conceive.

Only less striking, and still of vast interest, is the final confirmation of complete British sovereignty over the Suez Canal. Thus is fulfilled a pictorial prophecy of thirty-five years ago, in a Tenniel cartoon in *Punch* second only to the immortal "Dropping the Pilot." The scene was cast amid the sands of Egypt. The solitary living figure was that of Disraeli in the guise of a Cook tourist. Beneath his arm, in lieu of the proverbial umbrella, he carried a monster key inscribed "The Key of India: Suez Canal." Upon his face was that indescribable half-smile, half-smirk of mingled cunning and exultation which Tenniel so well knew how to portray, as he looked up at the Sphinx, looming colossal in the background, upon whose granite countenance were an answering smile and a most obvious wink of congratulation. The reference was, of course, to the British purchase of the Khedive's Canal shares, which gave to Great Britain commanding influence in the control of that highway and the paramount interest in Egyptian affairs which has logically led to the present consummation.

There will be no regret at these changes. Turkish rule on the Bosphorus has long been the scandal of Europe, and the barring of the straits to free traffic has been a major disturbing factor in the politics of the world. When Peter the Great secured his "window looking on Europe" on the Gulf of Finland, he found it barred half the year with ice. Then he sought a "window at the south" in the conquest of Azov, only to find himself looking on a Turkish lake, with access to the Mediterranean barred at the "narrowing Symplegades." It was that circumstance, the barring of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, that drove Russia during two centuries to seek other lines of access to the open sea—across Siberia to the China Sea, across Persia or Afghanistan to the Persian Gulf, across Sweden and Norway to the North Atlantic; more than once at the cost of war. Now that age-long demand for passage of the straits will be gratified.

Nor will there be regret at the nominal subversion of Egyptian "independence"—that is, of something which has scarcely existed since the death of Cleopatra. Roman, Persian, Saracen, and Turk have successively lorded it over the Land of the Pharaohs, save for the brief interval when Mehemet and Ibrahim waged war against Turkey, and might have taken Constantinople and have made the Ottoman Empire an appanage

of Egypt had not the great powers intervened. Since then Egypt has been a puppet in alien hands.

Now the historic relation among these waterways is this: that it was the seizure of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus by the Turks that sent Columbus in quest of a Panama Canal—that is, in quest of a water highway from Europe to Asia across the Atlantic—and it was as the successor of the obsolete Byzantine route to India that the Suez Canal was planned and constructed. The epochal coincidence in the history of the three convincingly emphasizes the satisfaction which is to be felt at the American control of the Panama Canal. We can realize how deplorable and indeed intolerable it would be for that highway to be placed under such bigoted, selfish, and exclusive rule as that which for centuries has controlled the Dardanelles; or to be subject to the disturbances and menaces which have at times assailed the Suez Canal, and which would frequently prevail there were it not for the assertion of British authority. Yet the former history of the Isthmus of Panama suggests that if left to local control the fate of the canal there would be comparable in evil with that of the Dardanelles under Ottoman, and that of Suez under native Egyptian rule. These latter have, only now, after many years, and as a result of inestimably costly war, entered into the fortunate estate which we have peacefully assured to our canal from its very inception.

THE CENTENARY OF BISMARCK

THERE is a peculiar fitness in the commemoration of the centenary of Bismarck at this time. The vast war which convulses Europe is in a sense the most appropriate celebration. Not that Bismarck would have precipitated such a war if he had been living, for in all probability he would not have done so; or if he had done so, it would have been in a far different manner. Nor that his mighty shade in the Elysian Fields looks with pleasure or satisfaction upon the present situation of affairs upon the Continent; for that is inconceivable. But the war is, after all, a logical if not the inevitable outcome of the system which Bismarck originated and imposed upon Germany; and if it be said, as it well may be, that he never contemplated nor intended any such thing, then it is also to be said that the case presents a striking illustration of the inexorable manner in which the process of events often exceeds intent.

It was under Stein and Hardenberg and Scharnhorst, just

at the time of Bismarck's birth, that Prussia was raised from the ruin into which Napoleon had plunged it and was made again one of the great Powers of Europe. But Stein and his colleagues aimed at nothing more than the rehabilitation and secure defense of Prussia as the chief North German State. They had no imperial vision. They had no thought of Continental conquest. These things were left for Bismarck. But it will be observed that when Bismarck conceived and executed his great designs, going so immeasurably far beyond his predecessors, he did so through the very means which they had prepared. They had provided the means, and he used them for an end of which they had never dreamed.

Born during the Napoleonic "Hundred Days," Bismarck entered public life in the stormy revolution era of the middle of the last century. At thirty-three, a typical Junker, he was in the midst of the strife of 1848. Not a soldier himself, save as every Prussian was a soldier, he looked from the first to militarism as the agency through which the designs of his statecraft were to be executed. For fifteen years he studiously slighted and contemned constitutional principles, and then, in the fullness of opportunity, he enunciated the supremely characteristic doctrine and principle of his whole career—the principle by which he had thus far been guided and by which he was even more completely guided and controlled during the succeeding and vastly more important transactions of his career. It was on September 30, 1862, speaking in the Prussian Diet, that he said:

Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities are the mighty problems of the age to be solved, but by Blood and Iron!

The next nine years saw that principle practically applied, with tremendous effect. The powerful enginery which Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst had created for nothing more than the rehabilitation and confirmation of Prussia herself, was transformed into an agency of aggression, of spoliation, and of aggrandizement. Two years after that utterance, Blood and Iron were applied to Denmark, and two rich provinces were shorn from her. Two years after that, Blood and Iron were made the portion of Austria and many minor German States; Hanover, Nassau, Electoral Hesse, and Frankfort, together with the Danish provinces, were annexed outright by Prussia, and Saxony was made a military appanage. Within the next five years France had been scourged with Iron and drenched with

Blood, and in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles there had been proclaimed that new German Empire which meant Prussia and a group of subordinate States. Believing that France had been "bled white" beyond all power of recuperation, and that Great Britain, alienated from Russia and France, was no longer to be accounted a force in Continental politics, Bismarck reckoned his object achieved. The "mighty problems of the age" had been solved by Blood and Iron; and Prussia bestrode the map of Europe as a supreme and impregnable colossus.

The solution was not, however, final. Long before the "Dropping of the Pilot" this fact was recognized—by no man more keenly than by Bismarck himself. France had not, after all, been "bled white," but had exhibited a recuperative energy unrivaled in the history of the world. In time, too, the international alienations which Bismarck had sedulously fostered and upon the perpetuity of which he had over-confidently counted, waned, disappeared, and were replaced with friendships and alliances. Why not? After Königgrätz, had not Prussia and Austria become allies? After Solferino and Magenta, and in the presence of Italia Irredenta, had not Italy and Austria together entered the Dreibund? Surely, then, it was not wonderful that memories of the Crimea should fade sufficiently to let France and Russia become allies; that Fashoda should be forgotten in an Anglo-French entente; and that even Great Britain and Russia should find that they had more reasons for friendship than for enmity.

In the face of these changed conditions, what was to be done? It may be matter for speculation what Bismarck himself would have done. The Emperor who had "dropped the pilot" did not hesitate. The old factors, created by Stein and Hardenberg and Scharnhorst, and employed with tremendous efficiency far beyond their original purpose by Bismarck, were again to be employed—this time far beyond Bismarck's original intent. And so once more the rule of Blood and Iron was applied. Not only, however, was it carried beyond Bismarck's intent, but also it was carried in a direction directly opposite to that upon which he insisted. "The whole Balkan Peninsula," he said, "is not worth, to Germany, the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier." Yet with a petty Balkan embroilment as a pretext, not only all the grenadiers of Pomerania, but also all the soldiers of all Germany, are marched to the fields of death. Just as Bismarck used the means of Stein and Hardenberg and Scharnhorst for ends not meant nor anti-

pated by them, so his successor has used Bismarck's means for ends which he had not in view and of which he would probably not have approved. It is the old story of the Arabian Nights, of the Fisherman who released the Genie from the bottle. Or, rather, it is a realization of the German legend of Frankenstein.

In two other specific respects this centenary of Bismarck's birth sees Bismarck's policy brought to full fruition. "Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities," said Bismarck, "are problems to be solved." He himself on more than one occasion treated the Prussian Constitution as a negligible "scrap of paper." It is fitting, therefore, that his successor should regard a treaty as a "scrap of paper," and should in effect say that it is not by treaties or conventions of the nations that problems are to be solved, but by Blood and Iron. Again, the ruthless spoliation and annexation of Hanover and the other States, and the attempt to "bleed France white," find their analogue in the spoliation and attempted annexation of Belgium and the draining of that country's very life blood.

It was the glory of Bismarck that while he found Germany a group of discordant and impotent States—puppets in the hands of France and Austria—he made it the greatest Power on the Continent of Europe, and successively the conqueror of Austria and France. Thus he left it at his death. It is logically appropriate, though it is inexpressibly bitter to reflect upon, that the centenary of his birth should see the mighty structure of his erection jeopardized "from turret to foundation stone," and that through the operation of principles which he himself enunciated and of forces which he himself set in motion.

COMMENT

The poet William Watson complains in a letter to the London *Times* that we misrepresented him in the communication which we addressed last month to Lord Northcliffe. After pointing out that the sonnet did not contain the expressions, "craven daughter" and "noble mother," he says:

Colonel Harvey also represents me as cursing his country. It would not become me to quote my own sonnet in order to show how grotesquely baseless is this accusation. It is more to the purpose to observe that Lord Fisher, in a message to the people of the United States, conveyed to them *via* the New York *Tribune*, expressed the wish that the whole people of that great republic might read what I had written, and I leave it to your readers to judge whether the First

Sea Lord is likely to have committed such a wanton breach of international good manners as to recommend the American people to read a poem in which their country was cursed and called "craven," while the "nobleness" of England was held up for admiration.

Although we frankly confess with due apologies that Mr. Watson has a measure of justification for concluding that we assumed to quote him literally, such was not our intention. We aimed only to interpret the spirit of his effusion. Whether or not we succeeded in that endeavor can be judged from perusal of the lines themselves, to wit:

TO AMERICA CONCERNING ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Art thou her child, born in the proud midday
Of her large soul's abundance and excess?
Her daughter and her mightiest heritress,
Dowered with her thoughts, and lit on Thy great way
By her great lamps that shine and fail not? Yes!
And at this thunderous hour of struggle and stress
Hither across the ocean wilderness
What word comes frozen on the frozen spray?
Neutrality! The tiger from his den. . . .
Springs at Thy mother's throat. And canst thou now
Watch with a stranger's gaze? So be it then.
Thy loss is more than hers; for, bruised and torn,
She shall yet live without Thine aid, and thou
Without the crown divine thou mightst have worn!

It is for the reader to infer also whether the poet, in carefully refraining from submitting the sonnet itself as evidence of misrepresentation, was really actuated by becoming modesty or by apprehension that he might disprove his own contention. Despite the expressed desire of the First Sea Lord that all good Americans might read the verse—though what that has to do with it we have difficulty in comprehending—we are quite willing to accept a decision founded upon the merits. That we were not alone in our impression appears from Mr. Watson's further ingenuous remark to this effect:

My poem had already been scattered broadcast throughout the United States by the newspaper press of that country, and had evoked innumerable rejoinders, public and private, some of them breathing a ferocity which I was innocent of attempting to arouse; but so far as I have had opportunity of seeing, it was left for the editor of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* to represent an English poet, who claims to have written at least as sympathetically and admiringly of America

as any living Englishman has done, as having violently aspersed, insulted, and even anathematized the American nation and people.

We did indicate quite plainly, and still insist, that America is not beholden to England exclusively for either her birth or her growth, and cannot, therefore, be justly pronounced guilty of ingratitude for not rushing eagerly to her support. The stern withholding of the crown divine, too, we regarded with composure, without, however, "breathing a ferocity" such as characterized the "innumerable rejoinders" of others less considerate of a poet's sensibilities.

Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*, whose untimely death we regret deeply to record, was not, like his father, a great journalist endowed with marked originality and telling forcefulness, but he was good and strong and true as steel to the high ideals which it became his duty to maintain. The sending of a message of condolence by the President was a thoughtful and appropriate act on the part of the only one who could voice the sentiment of the whole country which the famous old journal has served so long and still serves with unsurpassed intelligence and fidelity.

Senator Hamilton Lewis relieves all doubts in this happy fashion:

I prophesy if times are good, the administration will get the credit and Mr. Wilson will be re-elected. If times are bad as a result of the war and conditions of the war continue to such a degree as will make times bad merely through the peril of the fear of war—the country will continue President Wilson, on the ground that, having through such peril maintained peace, it is wiser and better for the nation to continue the condition that maintains the nation in peace and honor, at a loss of some small commercial benefits, than to have a change upon the theory of a policy that might promise commercial revival in certain industries and yet by the other method involve the nation in a war of retaliation of tariff duties from other countries, retaliation of embargo upon our ships and our shipping, and retaliation in different forms of discriminations against us that would tend to open conflict and prospective war.

A comforting soul!

Senator Ollie James must have had Senator Brutus Camden in mind when he declaimed in the Senate during the discussion of the Shipping Bill on February 5th:

But, Mr. President, above everything, if this bill must go down, if this great constructive measure must fail, if this must be the first defeat for the greatest President who has occupied that chair in fifty years, if he must fall and above his body the wild shouts of a triumphant Republican body shall rise, I do pray God that I may be spared the humiliation of reaching down to pull from his body a dagger bearing the impress of the hand of a Kentucky Senator.

The "wild shouts of a triumphant Republican party" did indeed rise in due time, but the biggest of Senators spared himself the dreaded humiliation by taking the first train for his old Kentucky home, thus leaving the greatest of Presidents in a plight which a Victorian novelist would have pronounced sorry—to say the least.

"The New York Times," said Mr. Taft, "sent to me a man to ask my opinion of Mr. Root. I told them without hesitation I believed there was no one better fitted for the Presidency in the country. The *Times* published it, and a man wrote to me and asked if my experience of 1912 had not shown me the people of this country did not care a damn what I thought."—*Press report*.

And what was Mr. Taft's reply?

The fact that Maine's municipal elections showed an average Republican gain of 30 per cent. and an average Democratic loss of 12 per cent., indicating a Republican majority in the State of 30,000, should not surprise any one acquainted with the political sentiment of New England at the present writing.

When Speaker Clark declared in Philadelphia that President Wilson "bears a burden heavier than any President since Lincoln has borne," he put into a sentence what we have taken twenty pages to say elsewhere in this number.

WASHINGTON NOTE,—The old sign, "Offices of the President and Congress" has been supplanted by a new one reading, "Offices of the President and the State Department."

Do you want to go to the Panama Exhibition, now in full swing in San Francisco? It's easy. All you have to do is to win the Five-Hundred-Dollar Prize in our LIFE's picture contest, shown on this and the opposite page.—*Life*.

But does anybody want to go?